Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,
Alice. Owye Madam.
Kate. E Coman ſa pella vow la menton a ſa coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherſera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo Madam.
Kate. O Ieſu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. May foy Madam, vou parla au ſe bon Angloy,
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Ieſu! Ie ne veu poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le cho cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill auſie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon Madam.
Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Lord Conſtable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer *Some.*
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few ſpranes of vs.
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)

Out-

Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, baſtard Normanes, mor du,
And if they paſſe vnfought withall,
Ieſell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
Con. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in diſdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for ſwolne Iades,
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch liuely blood?
And ſhall our quicke blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iceſickles
Vpon our houſes tops, while they (a more frosty Cli
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Conſtable diſpatch, ſend *Montioy* foorth,
To know what willing ranſome he will giue:
Sonne *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay in *Rhone* with me.
Dol. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Maieſty.
King. Well, I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

Exeunt om

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge?
Flew. By Ieſus there's excellent ſeruice committed
the bridge?
Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
Flew. The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worſhip with my ſoule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it,
No harme in the worell.